Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine:
And if thy poore suppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse for euer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner:
And presently repaire to Crosbie place.
Where after I haue solemnely entered
At Chertsie Monestarie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duetie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone.
La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Bartley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. 'Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already. *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the corse
Ser. Towards Chertsie no
Glo. No: to White Frye
Was euer woman in this hu
Was euer woman in this hu
Ile haue her, but I will not
What I? that kild her husba
To take her in her hearts e
With curses in her mouth t
The bleeding witnesse of h
Hauing God, her conscienc
And I nothing to backe m
But the plaine Diuell and d
And yet to win her all the w
Hath she forgot already th
Edward, her Lord, whom
Stabd in my angry mood at
A sweeter and a louelier ge
Framd in the prodigalitie o
Yong, valiant, wise, and n
The spacious world cannot
And will shee yet debase he
That cropt the golden pri
And made her widdow to
On me, whose all not equal
On me that halt, and am v
My Dukedome to a begge
I do mistake my person all
Vpon my life she finds, alt
My selfe, to be a marualo
Ile be at charges for a Loo
And entertaine some scor
To study fashions to adore
Since I am crept in fauour
I will maintaine it with a li
But first Ile turne yon fello
And then returne lamenti
Shine out faire sunne, till I
That I may see my shadd

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